



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 11.

SELECT TALES.

Maria, the Orphan, OR THE FORCE OF PRINCIPLE. BY A LADY.

A FUNERAL procession passed slowly up Tremont street, and entered the venerable burial place attached to the Stone Chapel. There were deposited the remains of Mrs. Lawrence, and with them the pecuniary dependence of two orphan daughters.

Mrs. Lawrence, until a year previous to her death, had lived in the greatest opulence; but unfortunately, her husband became surety for a friend to a large amount, which he was obliged to redeem. This, added to many other losses, left him a comparatively small pittance for himself and family.—This blow was too great for him. What! give up his fine residence, his splendid furniture and carriage, and come down to the vulgar method of living? No! he could not—he would not—and the grief occasioned by this change in his fortunes soon caused his death.

His wife bore her trials with Christian-like fortitude. With the small life annuity which she possessed, she found an agreeable home in the family of a distant relative. She devoted her time to the improvement of her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, and in watching the unfolding beauties of her little rosebud, as she fondly turned Maria.

The struggle of a noble soul, contending against affliction, is often too great for its frail tenement.—With Mrs. Lawrence, the chord which had been too tightly strung snapped suddenly asunder, its ethereal tones still thrilling the hearts of its auditors.

The family with whom Mrs. Lawrence resided kindly offered to take charge of Elizabeth, (now nine years of age) and bestow on her a good education. But Maria—who would supply the place of a mother to her? No one seemed inclined to take the care of a child two years old.

How ephemeral the friends of the present day! They flutter around the glare and splendor of wealth, and bask in its sunshine; but extinguish its blazonry, and where are they?

Like the insects they personate, they fly to some illumination, and are seen no more.

Accordingly, none offered to supply the place of mother to Maria, until Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who had been befriended by Mrs. Lawrence in her days of prosperity, and were distantly related, came forward. They resided about thirty miles from Boston.

'Twill be but a poor place for a gentleman's darter,' said Mrs. Harris; 'but perhaps when she gets bigger, some of her Boston relations will make a lady of her.'

Maria was happy at her new home. A ride in the waggon was as agreeable as a carriage. Aunt Hannah's turn-over and little cake on baking day, pleased her as well as the rich confectionary her mamma used to give her. The checked linen frock in summer, the red and blue worsted in winter, were quite as comfortable as the satin and merino to which she had been accustomed, and tho' she said, 'stick! stick! Aunt Hannah,' when the coarse woollen stockings were put on her delicate little feet, she soon forgot it, in looking at the boys as they coasted down the steep hill at the back of aunt Harris' house.

In childhood, the country seems peculiarly adapted to the unfolding capacities. The youthful exuberance of spirits has free scope. All nature, activity, appears to coincide with the expanding mind better than the confined limits of a city.

Maria's growth was remarkably forward. She pursued her studies at the district school from books furnished by her sister Elizabeth, who regularly made a long visit at aunt Hannah's in the summer season, and imparted all the knowledge her sister's mind could receive. These visits proved of great benefit to Maria, who though unacquainted with the city life, was an excellent little girl and readily distinguished from any child in the village.

No change occurred in Maria's situation until the summer in which she completed her eleventh year. During the recess of her school one fine afternoon in August, a splendid summer vehicle leisurely passed the school house. The children with one accord dropped their profound courtesies, when a

joyful cry of 'Sister Elizabeth! Sister Elizabeth!' caused the carriage to stop. A gentleman alighted and inquired for Miss Lawrence. Maria ran hastily forward, and in a few moments was seated by her sister.

After a mutual interchange of affection between the sisters, Elizabeth introduced to Maria Mr. Arthur Ellingwood as her brother. Maria's surprise, at first overcame her natural politeness, but soon recovering herself, she greeted him with her sweetest smiles, and imprinted a kiss on his cheek, which was warmly reciprocated.

'O, sister, why did you not come before? My roses all bloomed and faded, without your having one; my strawberry bed was loaded with the finest fruit, but they all decayed; I would not touch them till you came. Then I picked and picked whortleberries till I was tired. I don't know how many times I have gathered fresh bushes and flowers to adorn your favorite little chamber, but 'twas all in vain. Aunt Hannah had a letter from Boston the other day, but would not tell me the contents.'

'The very counterpart of yourself, sweet Elizabeth,' said Arthur, 'artless and unsophisticated.'

The conversation was interrupted by their arrival at Mr. Harris', and the greetings of aunt Harris were long and loud.

'You've got a sweet critter for your wife, Mr. Ellingwood,' said she, 'so clever and obligin.' 'And so you're going to carry off my Maria?'

'Oh! I'm going to Boston! I'm going to Boston!—am I sister? am I brother?' said she, as in ecstasy she danced round the apartments; but, observing the sober countenance of aunt Hannah, she said in a subdued tone, 'I hate to leave you dear aunt could you go with us I should be happy.'

Maria's dress was arranged as speedily as possible. Mrs. Ellingwood, anticipating the difficulty of procuring suitable clothing in the country, had made her purchases before leaving the city. If Maria looked pretty in her rustic garb, she was certainly beautiful in a modern and fashionable dress. Her friends

gazed on her in admiration, and for the first time in her life, she felt a touch of vanity. Elizabeth noticed it.

'I think,' said she, turning to Mrs. Harris, 'Maria must carry one dress of your manufacture with her. If the change in her circumstances proves too great for her young mind, a reference to this may prove beneficial.'

'Thank you for the hint, dear sister,' said Maria, 'a dress will not be necessary to remind me of my kind friends, and the happy days I've passed here. Yet I should be happy to have one.'

'Ah! dear child,' said Mrs. Harris, 'you know nothing what kind of a place you're going to. I've been to Boston twice in my life, and I was so confused I didn't know what to do. Like as not you'd be ashamed of me, if I should go to see you.'

'O never! dear aunt: ashamed of my earliest friend!'

The time of departure at length arrived. Maria was delighted with the novelty of her situation.—She combined such brilliant wit and good sense, (a case of rare occurrence by the way,) and her remarks drew many a smile from her kind brother and sister. To provide for Maria was a favorite project with them. As soon as practicable after marriage, they had conducted her to her new abode.—She was placed under the care of private tutors until sufficiently advanced to enter school on an equal footing with young ladies of her age, whom she rapidly outstripped in the solid and ornamental branches.

The sun strove in vain to pierce the murky atmosphere of the city; the lone pavement echoed the footfall of some solitary pedestrian; the occasional clatter of window shutters, and the rattling of bakers' and milkmen's carts; the lazy smoke curling sluggishly from the towering chimneys indicated the inhabitants would soon arise from their slumbers, and pursue their daily avocations.

Ere the city had assumed the appearance of life and activity, a covered wagon drove to the door of Mr. Ellingwood, and the feeble tinkle of the bell brought a servant to the door.

'Is Mr. Ellingwood, at home?'

'Home! yes—but won't be up this hour. You can come down to the kitchen fire to warm, if you will wait till he's up.'

'Well, I'll get my wife first. Won't you help me out of the wagon with this 'ere kag and trunk?'

The servant started; but thinking something had been ordered from the country, he assented.

'There, wife, you go into the house. This man will show you a fire, while I put Betty up in some stable.'

The woman remained in the entry a long time before the servant made his appearance; then with a scornful glance, he inquired 'what she wanted?'

'Want! I want to see Mrs. Ellingwood, or Maria. I'm cold in the bargain, and want to go to a fire.'

'Yes'm,' said the servant, rather more respectfully; and opening a door discovered Maria at a table covered with drawing materials. Maria ran hastily forward.

'Why, aunt Hannah, how do you?—When did you arrive?'

'O dear me! I'm so tired and chilled I don't know what to do. We started long enough before daylight this morning.'

Maria rang the bell, and ordered tea, with accompaniments.

'I believe you never drink coffee, aunt; breakfast for the family will not be ready this long time; I rise very early to improve in drawing.'

'Early! why I've had my breakfast, and cleared it all away 'fore sunrise, all this winter.'

'Should you not like to go up stairs now?' said Maria, when Mrs. Harris had dispatched her breakfast.

'Lud a marey! how many stairs you have got! all carpeted too! why, it seems as if I could pick them are roses off and smell on 'em. Pray Maria, what are them black men holding them chains for?'

'They are bronze images, aunt, placed in niches to receive them. Lamps are placed in those chains, and they are used to light the entry and staircase.'

Maria tapped gently at her sister's door and announced Mrs. Harris.

'You arrived early,' said Mrs. Ellingwood, after the usual salutations.

'Yes, yes. You know I'm bright and early.—My husband had a lot of apples and sarse to sell; we thought if they would sell here, 'twould pay for carting, so we concluded to kill two birds with one stone and come together. 'Tis eighteen years since I was here. You want bigger, Mrs. Ellingwood, than my Lucy, who'll be five next June. I 'spose there are a great many new things to be seen; and Maria, I 'spose you know all the way about.'

The blood tinged Maria's neck and face; she exchanged glances with her sister, but made no other remark than 'I shall be very happy to make aunt Harris pass the time agreeably.'

'Yes, yes, I know you would—my husband thought like enough you would be ashamed of us, but I told him you was dreadfully altered then, for you went all round our town last summer, and called on all your old acquaintances.'

'Ah!' thought Maria, 'I shall have to sur-

vey that dress of my childhood many times this week. Mrs. Harris little thinks of the difference between our city and her native village.'

'What a nice baby you've got Mrs. Ellingwood. Pooty cretur what has aunty got for it, dear,' said Mrs. Harris, extracting a huge nut cake from her reticule.

'Oh!' said Mrs. Ellingwood, 'we do not allow her to eat solid food—she is only eight months old.'

'La! I always fed my babies at three months sartin. I forgot to tell you I brought you a kag of June butter. 'Tis as yallar as your marigolds used to be Maria.'

'Just like yourself aunt Hannah, always making presents,' said Mrs. Ellingwood.

Mrs. Harris declined going down to breakfast. She could amuse herself nicely by looking out of the window, she said.

Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria were placed in a sad dilemma. Maria was now seventeen, and, in conjunction with her sister, had issued cards of invitation for a large party the ensuing Thursday. To recall them was impossible; to get rid of their warm hearted, though uncouth visitors, was equally impossible. What could be done? Her remarks would attract much attention, and the stamp of having a herd of numerous acquaintance. Mr. Ellingwood would be mortified—Henry Williams, who had solicited Maria's hand in vain, would exult—and one dearer to Maria than all others, would be present to see, and perhaps hear them.

There was ample time to arrange Mrs. Harris' dress; and if Maria could delicately intimate the impropriety of making remarks, all would, perhaps, pass off well in the crowd. Mrs. Harris, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria, walked from one apartment to the other, made absurd remarks on all she saw; offering to wash up the dishes, or any thing in the world that would help; and when entreated to sit down, would say; 'Marey no! I'm so used to stirrin about, I should keep jumping up to look out.'

The eventful evening for the party at last arrived.

The company, a most beautiful assemblage, met in rooms splendidly furnished and brilliantly lighted. All passed off well for a time, and Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria were inwardly congratulating themselves, when Mr. Harris, finding his quid troublesome, and seeing no convenience for depositing it, (the rooms being heated by a furnace,) rose and walked to a window filled with rare exotics. Here he espied a porcupine, with its hyacinth just peeping forth, (then an object of much curiosity,) which served his purpose nicely. It would have passed off unnoticed had not Mrs. Harris exclaimed—

'Why, Joseph, Maria won't thank you for spitting her flowers all over.'

'I only spit in that green thing filled with rushes,' said Mr. Harris.

The buzz ceased. Their tones of voice so discordant, produced a death-like silence. Mrs. Ellingwood preserved her equanimity, and by the timely aid of friends, the company was restored to its wonted tone, when Mrs. Harris suddenly jumped up and said.

'Mrs. Ellingwood, sha'n't I blow out some of these lamps? I reckon it's a pity to waste so much ile.'

Mrs. Ellingwood had refreshments announced immediately, and led the way to her refectory. This movement spared her the mortification of observing the general titter which prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, not being acquainted with the rules of precedence, made their way as fast as possible, and though Maria endeavored to keep them back, they seemed the more anxious 'to see what was going on,' as they said, to the manifest discomfiture of satin and gauze.

To gaze at the table was excusable: loaded with every delicacy of the season, sparkling with the richest plate, and cut glass, which reflected back the numerous lights, till all seemed lost in brilliancy; an assemblage of youth and beauty fashionably dressed, and in the gayest spirits imaginable; the delicious strains of music which ever and anon burst on the ears, would rivet the attention of those long accustomed to such scenes; as for Mr. and Mrs. Harris, good souls, they thought themselves in a fairy land, and did not dare to speak, till Maria presented Mrs. Harris with an ice, which caused her to ejaculate.

'Why, Maria, child, hav'nt you got over your old trick of eating frozen milk? dont you remember how you used to sly into the dairy to get it to eat? 'Tis the worst thing in the world for the cholic.'

Poor Maria! she was thunderstruck. A general smile ran round the apartment, save where some benevolent countenance manifested the utmost pity for Maria. At length Maria came forward:

'I deem it due to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, to state, that to them I was indebted for a home in my childhood. When thrown an orphan on the wide world for protection, they kindly nourished me like an own child, and though to you, dear brother, laying her hand on his arm, I am under obligations for my present advantages, for an introduction into the refinements of life, to the flowery paths of literature; and the mysteries of science; though you have opened a new world to my view, my gratitude to each of you is unbounded, and equally strong.—Yes! the reminiscences of my childhood are among the most pleasing of my recollections, and memory binds them still closer, when beholding the heartlessness of many friendships since contracted.'

Admiration filled the hearts of all present. They despised their own littleness, and even gazed with pleasure upon the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who looked extremely bewildered at finding themselves thus publicly noticed.

Why did Maurice Stanwood gaze so fondly at Maria that evening, as she glided about imparting happiness to all around her? Why did he listen so intently as she accompanied the piano with her clear, musical voice? Why did he linger by her side till the last carriage rolled from the door, and then reluctantly took his departure? He had long been secretly attached to Maria, but having frequently declared he would ascertain the disposition of his intended wife previous to marriage, he had delayed his proposals, though the powerful artillery of the eye, and the thousand nameless signs in love's progress, had expressed as much, nay, even more, than words could possibly have done.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris remained a week in the city, and were delighted with Maria's attention, who showed them every thing of note in the city, from the state-house to the managerie. They returned home, loaded with presents for their little ones, and an invitation to make them an annual visit.

In the course of a few months Maurice Stanwood and Maria were united. They made a visit every summer to uncle Joseph and aunt Hannah, to whom Maurice declared himself indebted, in part, for his sweet wife; justly remarking that the seeds of benevolence and ingeniousness sown in her breast, would not have vegetated so luxuriantly in the city atmosphere.

Maria still preserves the dress worn in childhood, and when tempted to cherish affectation and pride, finds a check in viewing this talisman. She takes great pleasure in improving and training the manners of the little Harrisses, one of whom she keeps constantly with her.

From the English Journal of Belle's Letters.

My Friend Bromely.

ONE dull snowy morning in January, while sitting at breakfast in my lodgings in a dull street in London, I received the following note: 'dear Harry, I am confined to bed, very unwell; come and see me, immediately. Yours always, T. Bromely.'

This was very laconic. I had seen Bromely a few nights before at the opera in high spirits, and apparently in good health. I was surprised therefore, at the import of the card, but thinking that it might be some trifling indisposition, I finished my breakfast and my newspaper before setting out to call. I found myself about one o'clock at his lodgings and on inquiring of the footman how his master was, I learned that he had been con-

fined to his bed two days, and was still unable to rise. I entered the chamber, and having shaken hands, began to give the customary consolations, hoped 'that the illness was trifling,' and so on; but after I had become familiar with the gloom of the apartment, which was darkened, and could distinguish objects properly, I was struck with the change which had taken place in his countenance. To be sure, there must always be a great difference in a man's appearance when he exchanges the gilding of a fashionable exterior for the paraphernalia of a sick bed; but even after making allowance for this, I thought I discovered symptoms of a serious malady. The worst part of the affair was the utter prostration of mind which he had experienced, for he hardly appeared to listen to what I said; and on inquiring what physician he had consulted, he answered 'None; it was of no use.' I of course told him of the madness, the folly of this, and said I would bring Dr. Berkley with me at four o'clock, though I hoped that by that time he would be better. 'To tell the truth,' said he suddenly, 'I am afraid to hear the sentence of a physician, for fear of having my suspicions confirmed; but I dare say it is the best way to be resolved at once. Do bring him. Pray what day of the month is this, Harry?'

'The sixth,' I answered. 'Is it?' he exclaimed with an earnestness which made me start. 'Harry, I must be well by the twelfth.'

I told him if there was any thing I could do for him on that particular day, I would do it with pleasure. 'No, no, no,' he answered impatiently; 'I must be out myself.' 'What is to be done?' 'You cannot imagine the horrid necessity for my being out, and I can't tell you.'

I tried to make him explain what he was so anxious about, but he was impatient of the subject; and seeing I only irritated him by inquiries, I ceased to press him and took my leave. It was evening before I saw Dr. Berkley. The rain was pouring in torrents, and it was pitchy dark. We drove to Bromely's, and I entered the chamber along with the doctor, who seating himself by the fireside, put the usual medical questions, felt his patient's pulse, wrote a prescription, and was about to move off.

'One moment doctor, if you please. I shall be obliged to you if, for once, you will lay aside your professional caution, and speak out. What is the matter?' The doctor hesitated; said that at present he could not say with certainty what was the matter; would call to-morrow; hoped it was only a cold; recommended quietness; and desired him to keep his mind free from alarm, as probably there was not much to apprehend.

Bromely was dissatisfied, but the doctor would not speak out. I took my leave along

with him, and on parting inquired if he feared any thing very bad; and though he gave me no explicit answer, I was satisfied he considered the matter serious. He went to visit his patients, and I went to the opera. In the glitter of the performance I forgot Bromely and his illness.

Another note next morning. It ran thus: 'Dear Harry, I have had a miserable night and am wretched. Do come and see me, it will be a charity, &c. The note was hardly legible, and had been written in violent agitation. In half an hour after the receipt I was in his chamber. He was looking miserably but seemed rejoiced when I entered.

'You must think me very selfish in boring you thus,' said he; 'but if you knew how miserable I am when alone, I am sure you would not grudge me an hour of society.'

What could I do? Of course I was obliged to say, that if my presence gave him any satisfaction, I would remain with pleasure. 'No, no, no!' he answered quickly. 'I know very well no one would prefer being here to enjoying himself in his own way, but I shall accept of your kindness for all that.' I offered to read to him, but he declined; and accordingly, I was obliged to keep up conversation which was any thing but enlivening.

The doctor called and having ascertained the state of his patient, wrote another prescription, and was about to retire. 'Pray, sit down, doctor,' said Bromely, 'and do me a favor.' The doctor took a chair and looked at his watch, as much as to hint that his time was precious. 'Oh, it will be your own fault if you are detained, doctor. Answer me a very simple question; I am determined to know, ~~no~~ have reason for it; if you will not tell me, I shall just call another physician who will not be so scrupulous; am I in for a fever?' The doctor nodded assent.

Bromely sank back upon his pillow at this confirmation of his suspicions, and was silent for some time. He seemed greatly agitated. 'How long,' at last said he, 'how long, doctor, may it take to set me up again; that is, supposing I recover?' and he looked rather wildly in his face.

'It's really impossible to say, Mr. Bromely. At present I assure you, I can have no idea, and the least you think about it the better.' 'But may I be out by the twelfth?' 'Impossible,' answered the doctor.

I shall not soon forget the look the sick man gave when he received this laconic answer. Impatience and despair seemed to agitate him fearfully. 'Doctor Berkley, come what may, you *must* and *shall* enable me to be out on that day. I think I could walk about just now.' He made an effort to raise himself in bed, but a sudden sickness came over him, and with a groan, his head sought its pillow.

'Doctor,' said he, after a pause, 'could you give me such a draught as would enable me to go out for an hour or two? I care not how much I suffer as the consequence. I know,' continued he, 'you can prolong life at times, though you cannot save it. Come doctor, have you such a medicine?'

'Mr. Bromely this is foolish. Forgive me, it is sinful. You must not think of going out. I can give no such medicine as you ask. For your own safety I advise you to compose yourself. Do not think of leaving your bed.'

Bromely was suddenly silent, and seemed to be engaged in painful reflection. The doctor departed promising to call again in the evening. A considerable time elapsed before he broke silence; and when he did so I thought the tone of his voice had altered considerably. His look was fierce; I thought the fever had gone to his brain.

'Harry,' said he, 'I don't care for Berkley's opinion. Doctors have their creed and they must stick to it for the sake of consistency. If disease be in my system, how can outward circumstances affect me? What does it matter whether I lie, or sit, or walk? Besides, I recollect an anecdote of a soldier in a retreat, who kept his saddle for a week, and the man had a malignant fever on him. What is there then to hinder me from going out for an hour? Harry, once for all, I must be out on the twelfth, and you must assist me.'

'What is the meaning of this nonsense,' I exclaimed, for I had almost lost my temper at his folly; 'what *can* there be which so imperiously demands your presence, at the risk, nay, the certainty of your death, being the consequence? It is absurd to talk of moving you from your room; and I certainly shall not assist in any such mad attempt.'

I was frightened at the expression of his countenance. He was generally an open-hearted and most kind-hearted being, but his look was now dreadful to behold; and when he spoke, though he trembled with passion, the words came slowly and distinctly. 'Hear me, Harry; I am fixed in my resolve to be out on the twelfth, and what is more, you *shall* assist me in that very mad attempt.'—He laughed; but such a laugh! I was terrified. I was afraid that he was deranged—was in a state of raving madness. 'Well,' said I, with a view of soothing him, 'we shall see how you are on that day, and then'—he interrupted me. 'Oh, yes; try and soothe me like a child! Yes, we *shall* see on that day.' And he was silent.

Days rolled on, and still the same wild determination remained, and every day only saw his resolution become stronger, if possible. He laughed at bodily pain, and philosophised upon it, made me read medical books

upon fever and delirium, and reasoned upon them as abstract speculations; always ending by repeating his fixed resolution to be out on the twelfth.

It was on the evening of the eleventh that I was sitting with him. He was in a state of high excitement, and talked of going out to-morrow as a thing of course, said I must go with him, in a coach, and implored my acquiescence in terms which distressed me. I had hitherto refrained from contradicting him, as I thought the irritation caused by my opposition made him worse; but now I thought it high time to tell him my mind, and did so. I represented to him as strongly as possible the madness, the impossibility of his going out—nay more, that force was to be used to compel him to remain in bed if he persisted in the attempt—and tried by every means in my power to dissuade him from it. He heard me with perfect quietness, though with impatience. When I had finished, he made no answer, but, to my astonishment, got out of bed, threw a dressing-gown about him, walked firmly across the room, and opening a drawer, took out a pair of dumb-bells, and having exercised them in their usual way for about a minute, put them back in their place, and returned to bed.

'Every night,' said he, 'since I have been confined, I have done this; and as long as I can do it, no one shall persuade me that I can't go out; and as for force,' continued he, 'look here!' He opened a case which lay at the back of the bed, and produced a pair of pistols, nodded significantly, and replaced them. It was in vain to remonstrate. I still of course, thought the necessity of his being out existed only in his imagination, and I determined to take serious measures for his confinement. At night I easily got possession of the pistols.

Next day I called, as he had made me solemnly promise to do. He had discovered that the pistols had been taken away, and I expected a violent scene, which I was prepared for. I was mistaken, however. He lay a few minutes perfectly silent; and when he spoke, he did so slowly and mildly.

'Harry,' said he, 'are you determined not to assist me in going out to day—for an hour—or two?' I shook my head.

'When I assure you,' continued he, calmly, 'when I assure you that my honor, and the honor of my family—nay, that my life depends upon it?'

I was astonished at the calmness and firmness with which he spoke, but I was determined not to give way. 'Bromely,' said I, 'once more for all, I will not be accessory to your death, as it is idle to say another word about it.'

'Well,' said he, 'I have no other alternative but to speak out. Is the door shut?' I

answered in the affirmative.—Come near me.' I approached the bed.

He moved his lips two or three times as if he had been about to speak, but his tongue refused to perform its office; a flush spread over him as he raised himself on one arm, and, looking me steadfastly and sternly in the face, whispered.

'Harry, I have forged a bill.'

I forgot what exclamation I made. I sat down by the fire, and was silent for some time. I knew that he was watching every motion, but I knew not what to say. I was thankful that he spoke first, though bitterly.

'Well,' said he, 'you know all, and I suppose are thinking of a decent excuse for shaking me off. And the truth is, Harry, though you should go this instant, I shall not blame you.'

'You wrong me,' I said: 'but what on earth should have tempted you to such an act of madness?'

'What could tempt me? Do you recollect the night we were at Mallet's, some months ago, when I won eight hundred pounds from young Denson? You won from him yourself, Harry, I thought he was rich. He left the table that night not worth a farthing. A fortnight afterwards I learned that his boy was lying dead in his house, and he had not the means of burying him; that his wife was distracted, and that he was starving.—At that moment there was an execution or some such thing going on in the house for £1000. What could I do? I had not the money. I had been the cause of his ruin. I forged a bill on old Denham for £1500, and gave Denson the money. I expected to have been in funds long before this, but have been disappointed. The bill is due on the 13th—you see I am a correct man of business—and unless it be taken up to-day, all must come out to-morrow; and you remember the fate of Dr. Dodd—it will be mine. Now, will you lend me a hand?'

'With all my heart,' said I, 'but how? I have not half the money.'

'God bless you, Harry I'll get the money. But then I must make another confession.' 'To whom?' said I.—'To my sister Jane, Lady Dashley.'

'Will lady Dashley give you money?'

'Will she not, and the honor of the family at stake? Come assist me to rise.'

I did get him out of bed, and his clothes on. He fainted once, and I gave up all for lost; but he recovered, and his resolution was as strong as ever. I had almost to carry him to the coach, and, when seated there, had to support him from falling. By the time we had approached Lady Dashley's, he rallied; and though I trembled for the result, he went firmly, but deadly pale, and walked into the house. I was left in no enviable

state. A quarter of an hour passed away, and no tidings; another quarter had nearly been measured, when a servant came out and requested me to walk in. I was shown into a parlor where Bromely was lying on a sofa.—His sister, Lady Dashley, was at a writing-desk, and evidently dreadfully agitated; there was no time for salutations; she advanced to meet me.

'You know this dreadful business.—Here is a draft on Coutts for the amount. I know there is not so much, but I dare say they will not refuse; at all events you must try. Hasten; let me know the moment, you get the business finished.'

Bromely was too much exhausted to go with me. I bolted into the coach, gave the driver a sovereign to drive with all the speed he could—presented the check at Coutt's; it was shown to one of the partners. I was in a dreadful state of suspense, but it passed. I got the money, and drove at equal speed to the bank at which the bill was payable. I alighted, and, for the first time, hesitated: I was in a state of considerable agitation, and must appear calm to prevent suspicion. After pausing a few minutes to recover myself, I walked calmly into the telling room of the bank, and asked as coolly as possible for Mr. Denham's bill.

There was no such bill. I recollected in an instant that it was due only on the morrow. I mentioned this, and added that it would be obliging if they could take payment of the bill to-day. It was got and paid, and in my possession. My feelings must have betrayed me when I had the fatal document in my hand, for the clerk did look suspicious. However, it *was* in my possession, and I was again at the coach in an instant. Driving with the former rapidity. I was at Lady Dashley's door in a twinkling. I rushed up stairs, and found the parties as I had left them. Neither had power to utter a syllable.

'There is the bill,' said I putting it into the fire.

I never witnessed such a relief to two human beings. It is impossible to record the lady's thanks and Bromely's gratitude. I got him to his lodgings. He was dreadfully ill for months, and raved continually of bills, and banks, and felony, but he recovered.

He has not touched card nor dice box since.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the American Magazine.

Mrs. James Madison.

THE parents of Mrs. Madison, whose maiden name was Dolly Payne, were natives of Virginia. She was however born in North Carolina, while her mother was on a visit to some of her friends in that state. Not long after their marriage, her parents joined the

society of Friends or Quakers, manumitted their slaves, and removed to Pennsylvania. Their daughter was educated in Philadelphia in all the strictness of the sect to which the family belonged. She was, therefore, but little indebted to acquired graces and accomplishments for the admiration and regard which followed her wherever she was known. To much personal beauty, she added a warm heart and a benevolent disposition; charms and attractions which won for her not only admirers but friends.

At an early age she was married to Mr. Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, and also a member of the society of Friends. This connexion was of short duration. She was soon left a widow with an infant son. Her father being also dead, she went to live with her surviving parent, who had fixed her residence in the same city. Here her beauty and engaging manners secured her many admirers and brought her several advantageous offers of marriage. Among those who sought her hand she gave preference to James Madison, at that time a distinguished member of Congress, to whom she was married in 1794.

From this time to the time of Mr. Madison's appointment as Secretary of State, she resided at Montpelier on Mr. Madison's estate. Here she entertained his numerous friends and guests with an abundant and cordial hospitality. Her mother and sisters lived with her, and the regard and kindness with which her husband treated them, was repaid on her part by similar attentions to the happiness and comfort of his aged mother, who continued to live with her son.

On Mr. Jefferson's election to the Presidency, in 1801, Mr. Madison was appointed Secretary of State, and in April of that year removed his family to Washington. We cannot better describe the manner in which she acquitted herself in the new and elevated station to which she was now raised, than in the language of the memoir in the national portrait gallery, a work of great merit. 'The President's house was the seat of hospitality, where Mrs. Madison always presided in the absence of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, when there were female guests. After the President's, the house of the Secretary of State was the resort of most company. The frank and cordial manners of its mistress gave a peculiar charm to the frequent parties there assembled. All foreigners who visited the seat of government—strangers from the different states of the Union, the heads of departments, the diplomatic corps, senators, representatives, and citizens, mingled with an ease and freedom, a sociability and gaiety, to be met with in no other society.—Even party spirit, virulent and embittered as it then was, by her gentleness was disarmed of its asperity.'

'Individuals who never visited the President's nor met at the other ministerial houses, could not resist the softening influences of her conciliatory disposition, and her frank and generous manners, but frequented her evening circle; and sat at her husband's table; a table that was covered with the profusion of Virginian hospitality, rather than with the elegance of European taste. The lady of a foreign minister was once ridiculing the enormous size and number of the dishes with which the board was loaded, and observed, that it was more like a harvest home supper, than the entertainment of a Secretary of State. Mrs. Madison heard of this, and similar remarks, and only observed with a smile, that she thought abundance preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs and customs formed taste; and as the profusion, so repugnant to foreign customs, arose from the happy circumstance of the superabundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste, for the less elegant, but more liberal fashion of Virginia. The many poor families daily supplied from that profusely spread table, would have had reason to regret the introduction of European fashion, had Mrs. Madison been prevailed on to submit to its dictation.

'During the eight years that Mr. Madison was Secretary of State, he and his family lived with the inhabitants of Washington as fellow citizens; receiving and reciprocating civilities in the most kind and friendly manner. The Secretary himself being wholly absorbed in public business, left to Mrs. Madison the discharge of the duties of social intercourse. And never was a woman better calculated for the task. Exposed, as she necessarily must have been in so conspicuous a situation, to envy, jealousy, and misconstruction, she so managed as to conciliate the good will of all, without offending the self-love of any of the numerous competitors for her favor and attention. Every visitor left her with the pleasing impression of being an especial favorite, of having been the object of peculiar attention. She never forgot a name she had once heard, nor a face she had once seen, nor the personal circumstances connected with every individual of her acquaintance. Her quick recognition of persons; her recurrence to their peculiar interests, produced the gratifying impression, in each and all of those who conversed with her, that they were especial objects of regard.

'Her house was very plainly furnished, and her dress no way extravagant. It was only in hospitality and charity that her profusion was unchecked and sometimes made her sensible that her income was not equal to her wishes.'

The amiable and engaging qualities which

have been described, characterized Mrs. Madison through the whole of her husband's public life. In the midst of the bitterness of party spirit and the violence of political animosity, she was mild and courteous to all. The political assailants of her husband she treated with a kindness, which disarmed their hostility of its individual rancor, and sometimes even converted political enemies into personal friends, and still oftener succeeded in neutralizing the bitterness of opposition. During the last war her courage and firmness were put to a severe test. In August, 1814, the British troops landed forty miles below Washington, and approached that city. The President, left the city to hold a council of war.

Before his departure, he anxiously inquired if she had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow or succeeding day. She assured him she had no fear but for him and the success of our army. When the President reached Bladensburg he unexpectedly found the two armies engaged. Meanwhile terror spread over the city. All who could obtain conveyances fled to the adjoining towns. The sound of the cannon was distinctly heard, and universal confusion and dismay prevailed. Some personal friends who remained with Mrs. Madison strongly urged her to leave the city. They had her carriage brought to the door, but could not persuade her to enter it till her husband should return and accompany her. And she did not finally depart till several messengers had been despatched to bid her fly.

We close this sketch in the words of the memoir from which we have quoted 'Much as she graced her public station, she has been not less admirable in domestic life. Neighborly and companionable among her country friends, as if she had never lived in a city; delighting in the society of the young, and never better pleased than when promoting every youthful pleasure by her participation; she still proved herself the affectionate wife during the years of suffering health of her excellent husband. Without neglecting the duties of a kind hostess, a faithful friend and relative, she smoothed and enlivened, occupied and amused the languid hours of his long confinement. He knew, appreciated and acknowledged the blessing which heaven had bestowed on him in giving him such a wife.'

MISCELLANY.

'The Store is too Long.'

PETER BRIGHAM paid his last penny to the toll-gatherer at Charles River, as he made his entrance into Boston. He walked about most of the forenoon, and finally asked a gentleman near one of the insurance offices, if he wan-

ted 'to hire?' Struck with the appearance of the lad, he said 'yes,' and Peter was provided a comfortable home, as a sort of 'do-all' in a gentleman's family. To make a long story short, Peter was no common youth, and he gradually rose in the employ of Mr. Parker; till for years and years he was his head clerk, and finally at the age of twenty-two was admitted into the house as a partner, at one third the profits. The well-known house of 'Parker & Co.' continued for a goodly number of years, and became one of the largest establishments of the day. The senior partner finally retired, leaving the whole concern in the hands of the junior, and for thirty years the house continued to grow with the growth of the city, under the prudent management of Mr. Brigham. He was esteemed a merchant of the utmost integrity, and maintained a most enviable reputation during his long mercantile career.

One day, the old gentleman said to Peter, Jr. his oldest son, who had been brought up in the store—

'Do you think you could manage business alone? I leave you the store and a large stock of goods, and perhaps the best set of customers of any dealer in Boston; but remember, Peter, *I paid my last penny to the toll man when I entered Boston.*'

The elder Brigham retired to Watertown, in a neat country abode. Peter went on in the business. The spirit of improvement got abroad, and Peter thought he must tear down the old store, and erect an elegant one, with a granite front, and of great depth, to accommodate his business. When he had got comfortably into it, with elegant fixtures to match, the elder looked in upon Peter, Jr.

'How do you like the store, father?'

'Peter, the store is too long.'

Peter, Jr. continued to extend his operations, and finally became the importer of the teas and coffee he sold at wholesale. He was considered a desirable match for most any young lady, and in the following year espoused Julia Wentworth, an heiress of thirty thousand. He purchased an elegant mansion opposite the Mall, and of course, fitted it up in great splendor, becoming the high circle in which his beautiful bride would move. The father of Peter claimed the privilege of presenting the Mirrors for the dining hall. They arrived from Liverpool on the day preceding the nuptial dinner party. The old gentleman had personally superintended their adjustment in the hall. All the Wentworths and Brighams were around the festive board, when the son, speaking of the nuptial presents, in the joyousness of the occasion, exclaimed—

'Father, I've not seen the mirrors yet.'

'They are suspended in the hall, my son.'

All eyes were turned upon them—when,

on a golden tablet, crowning each reflector, they read—'Peter, the store is too long.'

Peter recollected the remark of the old gentleman, when he had asked his opinion of the store—and, although he had to laugh with the rest of the company, still he felt there was *meaning* in it, and he never went into the dining hall but his eyes would involuntarily revert to the inscription on the mirrors—'Peter, the store is too long!' However Peter went ahead in business. He had married a fortune, besides the excellent business left him by his father, and Brigham, Jr. was not a very small man on 'Change. He fell into the speculating mania which seemed to have possessed the people of the age. His notes were as good as bank notes, and his credit number one. Every body was making fortunes in stocks—and was there any earthly reason why he should not? He went into the *fancy* line pretty largely. The cotton speculation too was all the rage, and he went into the adventure as a matter of course. And why not add a million or so by purchasing lots in the West? Mr. Colbier has made two millions by the sale of his lots where the city of Orient now rears its aspiring head—and Brigham, Jr. went \$29,000 into the lots of the intended city of Hamiltonia, the most beautiful site—situated at the confluence of six rivers—in all the teeming empire of the mighty West. It was whispered on 'Change that he had made more than half a million in stocks, and his western lots, and that he was to make four hundred thousand in his eastern townships; he was written down a millionaire: and at the next election, Peter Brigham, Jr. was made President of the Bank of Exchange.

But there must have been a race similar in character to Peter Brigham Jr. in the days of Shakspeare—

'There is a tide in the affairs of men;'

and Peter found his on the ebb, in the midst of the money pressure. Stocks down—cotton do.—western lots no go—eastern townships ditto. As a last resort Peter was obliged to visit the country seat of his father at Watertown, to solicit funds to help him through the pressure, or he must fail. The prudent old merchant sat down and took a cool survey of Peter's affairs. He then drew from his desk a bank check, which he filled out thus:—

'Pay to Peter Brigham, Jr. *one penny*, the amount possessed by his father when he arrived at Charles River bridge, and the best inheritance a father can give his son to begin the world with. PETER BRIGHAM.'

The next day the failure of the house of Peter Brigham, Jr. was announced on 'Change for over a million of dollars. And when the stock in the new store, with the granite front, was sold beneath the red flag, wild and head-

long speculators saw an important lesson of prudence and sagacity, in the little emblem—'PETER, THE STORE IS TOO LONG!'

Rising Geniuses.

SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.

MASTER. 'Fuss class'n jografee!' Scholars.—'Yeth'm.' Master. 'Tummas, what's the biggest river in Ameriky?' 'The Tom-bigbee, zur; Ike keeps a pinchin' on me!' 'He pinch't me fust zur, and I pinch't him back again.' 'Take yer seats fuss class in parsin! Moses parse Arkansas—sixth line from top.' 'A-r-k-ark a-n-s ans arkans a-s-s Arkansas. 'Pronounce it arkansaw; but Moses you aint spellin'—yer parsin, child.' 'O, yeth'er! Harkhandsaw is a noun, objective case, imperative mode, comparative degree, third person plural number and normative case to scizzars' 'You havn't said what gender, Moses.' 'Feminine gender.'—'Why?' 'Corzitz—', Next, 'Donno.' 'Next.' 'Corzitz a shemale.' 'Next.' 'Forgotten, zur.' 'Come, David you know.' 'Yeth'm.' 'Well, Why is Arkansas of the feminine gender, David?' 'Corzitz—Why corzitz got Miss Soury on the norf, Louisa Anna on the souf, and Miss Sippy on the east, and ever so many more shemales on the west.' 'Very well David, you may go to the head; you're a rizing genius, and you'll make a man before yer mother.' 'Yeth'm.'—*Claremont, N. H. Eagle.*

Beautiful Extract.

'OPEN your heart to sympathy, but close it to despondency.—The flowers which open to receive the dew shut against rain. To sympathize with our fellow-beings in their distresses and to sustain them under afflictions is a duty enjoined upon us by the Author of our being, at the same time that to yield to despondency whilst we behold human misery, and suffer our energies to be so palsied as to disable us from rendering efficient aid, is unbecoming and indicative of a want of confidence in Him, by whose special permission such things are suffered to exist. The effect of sympathy is to alleviate by sharing, and not to increase by becoming ourselves the victims of circumstance.'

Look at t'other side Jim.

WHEN a boy, as I was one day walking through the market, with my brother Joe, I spied a beautiful orange lying on the top of a basket full of the same fruit. I immediately inquired the price and was proceeding to buy it when my brother exclaimed with a shrewdness which I shall never forget, look at t'other side Jim.

I looked, and to my astonishment it was entirely rotten.

In passing through life, I have been frequently benefited by this little admonition.

When I hear the tongue of a slanderer leveling its venom against some fault or foible, of a neighbor, I think, look at the other side, Jim. Be moderate—have charity. Perhaps the fault or foible you think so much about is almost the only one in your neighbor's character, and perhaps you have as great, or greater ones in your own.

It may be this is your neighbor's weak side, and except this he is a good citizen, a kind neighbor, and an affectionate father and husband, and useful member in society. Others may listen to the story of calumny—but remember, they will fear and despise the calumniator. Learn to overlook a fault in your friends, for perhaps you may, some time wish them to pardon a fault in you.

Clergyman and Jockey.

A CLERGYMAN, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed, 'Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way.' 'Well,' replied the parson, 'if you had been where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach.' 'Where was that,' inquired the jockey, 'In State Prison,' retorted the clergyman.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

C. S. Underhill, Vt. \$1.00; A. W. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; G. M. C. Waterbury, Mich. \$1.00; G. S. Eaton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. W. Waterford, N. Y. \$1.00; Z. G. Northfield, Vt. \$1.00; B. B. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; N. V. Baldwinville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. S. Oxford, N. Y. \$1.00; N. C. Six Mile Creek, N. Y. \$6.00; C. G. Gaylord's Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; J. P. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. C. Pittsford, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. W. Henrietta, N. Y. \$1.00; C. I. T. Ballston Center, N. Y. \$1.00; D. A. Stearns, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday morning the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. John F. Bacon, of Albany, to Miss Harriet E. Everett.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. M. Field, Mr. Rufus Rose to Miss Mary Miller.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. William Whittaker, Mr. Hubbard Crawford to Miss Ann Haywood.

On the 4th inst. by the same, Mr. Robert Worth to Miss Elizabeth Dufney.

At Brooklyn, on Tuesday the 24th ult. by the Rev. R. I. Johnson, Henry C. Hoes, Esq. of New-York, to Miss Maria S. Evers, from Athens, N. Y.

DIED.

In this city, on the 30th ult. Killian, son of Killian Miller, Esq. of this city, aged 15 years.

On the 6th inst. Miss Jane Shurtis, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Mary Barringer.

Died suddenly, at Fallsburgh, Sullivan Co. N. Y. on the 25th ult. Mrs. Adeline, wife of Arthur Palen, in the 23d year of her age, the eldest daughter of Walker and Mercy Noble, formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Shipwreck.

BY GEORGE WARREN BROWNE.

FAIR—free and bold, the gallant bark glides on,
Unmindful, seemingly, of adverse wind,
And current setting to and fro. Joyously
Each seaman gazes on the well-filled sail,
And thinks of nought save happy, prosperous hours
During his pilgrimage o'er the dark blue sea.

But ah!—the gale it freshens—and the wild,
Unearthly shout of sea-birds' warning notes—
The sea wild raging in its anger's might,
Tells the bold mariner that danger's near.
Upward he casts his eye, and there, alas!
His vision marks the low'ring, angry cloud
That bursts anon in wild and doleful peals
Upon his practised ear!

Again—again—and o'er the waters blue,
His eager eye surveys the rolling wave;
And in the horizon's distant verge
All seems portentous of the gathering storm.

His home—the partner of his joys and cares—
His little one, that sobbed in sadness
When he left the fireside hearth—the parent dear
Who guided first his feeble, infant steps—
Recurr now to his tortured mind—and oh!
Could he be placed among that little throng,
A world of wealth were scarce a recompense!

Yet still in howling blasts the gale blows on—
The barque's dismasted—and the frail-built boats
Are called for—as the only, last resource.
Anon they're lowered upon the angry deep—
Far, far, they wend their way upon the high
And mountain-rolling wave. Still one look
Is cast upon the found'ring ship—one look again—
She's gone! the mighty waters close forever
O'er their favorite home!

The following most beautiful lines are from the August
number of Blackwood.

The Greenwood Shrift.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

'O mother!' was the mingled cry,
'O mother, mother! do not die,
And leave us all alone.'
'My blessed babes!' she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

And then life struggled hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
And up she raised her head;
And peering through the deep wood maze
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
'Will he not come?' she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed;
And following close, a man came on,
(A portly man to look upon,)
Who led a panting steed.

'Mother!' the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek—
'I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

'They told me here—they told me there—
I think they mocked me every where;
And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book, and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

'I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
Without the minister;
I begged him, for dear Christ, his sake,
But oh! my heart was fit to break—
Mother! he would not stir!

'So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you;
And here—close by—this squire I met,
Who asked (so mild!) what made me fret;

And when I told him true,
'"I will go with you, child," he said,
'"God sends me to this dying bed,"—
Mother, he's here, hard by.'
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck flung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms; and in his look,
Something that, like a sermon book,
Preached—'All is vanity.'

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay;
And kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying—'I am a minister—
My sister! let us pray.'

And well, withouten book or stole,
(God's words were printed on his soul,)
Into the dying ear,
He breathed, as 'twere, an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed—regenerate—
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant with the cry
'Be merciful to me.'

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience—faith—and love—
Sure, in God's own good time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebbed away—
He raised his hands and eyes, to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then—the orphan's sobs alone
Were heard, as they knelt every one
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wondering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck mute surprise,
Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who in the heat of chase that day
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good—
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band:
And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground
Her ragged orphans clinging round;
Knelt their anointed king.

The royal minister was George the Third. The anecdote is related on the authority of the Rev. George Crabbe the well-known poet of humble life.

The Pledge.

BY REVEREND JOHN PIERPONT.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!
Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, 'Thou shalt not surely die.'
I dare not lift thy liquid gem—
A snake is twisted round thy stem!
Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed
For Paul upon Melita's shore,
Thou'at been upon my guest bestowed;
But thou shalt warm my house no more,
For whoso'er thy radiance falls
Forth, from thy heart, a viper crawls!
What, though of gold the goblet be,
Embossed with branches of the vine;
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine?
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him; for I've felt its fangs.
The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to that ordained of God,
And found that life was in the sight,
So the worm-bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.
Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells!
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs from the earth's mysterious cells,
Gush o'er your granite basin's lips!
To you I look;—your largess give,
And I will drink of you and live.

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